

Jump from Bed in Morning and Drink Hot Water

Tell why everyone should drink hot water each morning before breakfast.

Why is man and woman, half the time, feeling nervous, despondent, worried; some days headache, dull and unstrung; some days really incapacitated by illness?

If we all would practice inside-bathing, what a gratifying change would take place! Instead of thousands of half-sick, anaemic-looking souls with pasty, muddy complexions we should see crowds of happy, healthy, rosy-cheeked people everywhere. The reason is that the human system does not rid itself each day of all the waste which it accumulates under our pressure of living. For every ounce of waste taken into the system out, else it ferments into poisons which the blood.

As it is to clean the furnace each day, so the fire will burn bright and each morning clear the insides of the previous day's digestible waste and toxins. All men and women, whether sick or well, are advised to drink each morning, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of washing out of the system liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible, solid, waste, sour bile and mucus which are constituent parts of the diet.

In who had their turn of ill-living attacks, acid days and sleepless nights have become real cranks about the morning to "de-bath." A quarter of a cup of limestone phosphate will not cost more at a drug store, but is enough to demonstrate to anyone, its cleansing, sweetening and freshening effect upon the system.

TEA FOR A BAD COLD

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip. As it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus driving a cold from the system.

Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

Rub Pain and Stiffness away with a small bottle of old honest St. Jacob Liniment

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a 10 cent bottle of old, honest "St. Jacob Liniment" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into the pain or ache, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!

NOSE CLOGGED FROM A COLD OR CATARRH

Apply Cream in nostrils To Open Up Air Passages.

Ahh! What relief! Your clogged nose opens right up, the air passages of your head are clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffing, coughing, headache, dryness—no more fits of breath at night, your cold teeth are gone.

Get a small tube of Dr. Weyeth's Cream. A little of this in your nose, and it penetrates the air membranes so one and head are clear. Dr. Weyeth's Cream is very cold and refreshing. It's

SO EASY! LIKE ROLLING OFF LOG

Some touch corns stop hurting, then lift right out with fingers.

Now enterprising men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Italian authority, because a few drops of this cream applied directly on a corn, rolling corn stops soreness at once, and soon the corn loosens so it can be lifted out, root and all, without pain.

A quarter ounce of freezone costs very little at any drug store, but is sufficient to treat every hard or soft corn or callus. It should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to inflame or even irritate the surrounding tissue or skin. After you lift away the troublesome corn or callus the skin underneath is as pink, firm and healthy as the palm of your hand.



WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND.

The Last of the Judicial Prosecutions and Executions.

Sir Matthew Hale, it is true, had hanged two poor women at Cambridge in 1660, but a few years later Lord Chief Justice Holt set himself strongly against such charges and in every case tried before him directed the jury to bring in a verdict of acquittal. In a celebrated trial at Guildford in 1701 not only was the supposed witch found not guilty, but her false accuser, one John Hathaway, was condemned to a year's imprisonment and to stand in the pillory three times. Yet, horrible to relate, a woman named Hicks and her daughter, a child of nine, were hung together at Huntingdon on July 28, 1716, for raising a storm of wind in league with the devil.

The last judicial sentence for witchcraft in England was in 1736, one Jane Wenham being actually found guilty, according to the indictment, of "conversing familiarly with the Devil in the form of a cat." The judge, however, procured a reprieve for poor old Jane, and she was ultimately released, to end her days in peace.

Last, the witchcraft act was repealed for the United Kingdom in the same year. It was quite time, for only nine years earlier, in 1727, a woman was brought before Captain David Ross, Deputy Sheriff of Sutherland, charged with "causing her daughter to be shod by the devil," and so making her lame both in hands and feet. The fact having been proved to the captain's satisfaction, the old woman was put into a barrel and burned at Dornoch. The weather being cold at the time, we are told that she "sat composedly warming herself by the fire prepared to consume her while the other instruments of death were getting ready."

The last attempt to execute a witch in England ended disastrously for the perpetrators. In 1751 at Tring two old people named Osborne, man and wife, being suspected of witchcraft, were seized by a crowd, stripped, cross bound and thrown into a pond. Both died of this brutal treatment. But the witchcraft act had been repealed, and, a verdict of willful murder having been returned against one Colley, the chief instigator of the assault, he was in due course tried and hanged.—Cornhill Magazine.

A WARNING.

The Utter Uselessness of Taking a Course in German.

A customer during a trying on asked her dressmaker, whose son was at college, if he were pursuing a general course or specializing in any particular branch. The answer came promptly, through a mouthful of pins:

"Sanskrit, ma'am. He's specializing in Sanskrit. I can't say but I'd have preferred something a bit more useful in the way of education—something more practical made for every day like. Sanskrit's such a fussy study."

Her criticism, if oddly worded, was comprehensible and not unintelligent. Less reasonable and equally unexpected were the remarks of an old farmer in a remote hill village upon the favorite studies of his son. He had always been suspicious of the higher education and was far from pleased when his Joe, whom he wished to keep on the farm, obtained a scholarship.

"Languages may be all right for folks that have to 'em in foreign parts," he declared reasonably, with impressive determination, "but a man that ain't got 'em, talk plain Yankee and do things."

"I've seen lots of them sit down with a book of math, read, saying over words you can't sense—just patter, patter, patter, mutter, mutter, sputter, sputter—why, it wakes me fair sick. And for all he's been at it most a year, he can't make those Italians on the highway understand three words together. He owns himself he can't."

"It is Italian he is studying, then," the listener murmured politely.

"No, I ain't; it's German," admitted the old man in a reluctant growl. "But a goshaw poor excuse I call that, and so I told 'em."

"I don't care if I ain't their own Bingo, Joe," said I. "It oughter come a long sight higher to it than just United States talk. Squeeze all up together the way folks be on the map of Europe, course they must get used to each others' talk enough to make each other out."

"Bet ye my Sunday-go-to-meeting hat, I told him, 'if ye talked real German to those Italians they'd understand ye!'

"But he can't. All he can do is to set in a corner with his book, patter patter and sputter sputtering."

"Don't ye talk to me about collegies! Joe's a warning."—Yankee Companion.

A WALLED CITY OF WOMEN

A little sunny village has grown inside a high wall in France within the last year. Its square flat houses stand in straight even rows and along one side of the city wall is a long dormitory for single women. There are many more of them than of the families in the scrub little houses. The village is full of women—old, young, middle-aged—whose faces, hands and hair slowly are turning yellow from the powder which it is said will eventually affect their tungs. But most of them are refugees and the fact that they are giving up their good looks, their health, and perhaps their lives in the munition factory, is of little concern to them. They have come into the walled town from ruined villages and devastated farms with their frightened little children, their despairing old people carrying all their earthly possessions in tiny bundles. In their individual lives there is no future; in all their world there is no interest but the conquest of the Hun.

No one comes into this little war community that centers around the big new munitions plant but those who work. Because of the danger and the blighting yellow powder, the work is highly paid and all the workers are volunteers.

The women wear overalls or apron dresses, some of black sateen, some nondescript. The dull gurb harmonizes with the yellowing faces and despairing eyes.

Into this modern walled city of despair the Blue Triangle has flashed the first message of hope. The Y. W. C. A. foyer is the only recreational center within reach. The cars which find refuge at the end of the line a mile away, stop running at seven o'clock to save fuel. The city is three miles from the factory.

"My problem," writes the Y. W. C. A. secretary in charge, "is to keep the women occupied in the evenings, to give them good healthy amusement so that they will forget their sorrows and go to bed and sleep, physically tired out from playing."

She goes on to tell of some of the women and girls who come to the foyer:

"There is a pretty little round, rosy-cheeked girl here who is just beginning to show the effects of the powder. The roots of her hair and her forehead are a pale yellow. The palms of her hands are a deep burnt orange and her hands and arms a bright yellow."

"There is an ex-professional dancer, an interesting girl who enjoys the foyer and helps entertain the other girls. There is a professional pianist who does her bit at the noon and evening hours. There is one rough-and-ready girl who speaks English, whose father was an innkeeper in northern France. There is a pretty little girl who is engaged to a French soldier who still is reclining over the five minutes she had with him recently during an air raid. His mother is the caretaker here and he is one of six sons in the war. Two of them are German military prisoners, two are civil prisoners in Germany and two are soldiers in the trenches. Her home in the north of France was destroyed and she escaped with a small bundle of such things as she could carry in her hands."

"There is a sweet-faced girl who was a laundress in Valenciennes, who came direct to us from the German-occupied section after a hard experience in getting away."

These are the women the Blue Triangle is helping to forget—perhaps only for an hour at a time—the horrors that have blackened their hearth stones and darkened the world.

"My foyer," the secretary writes, "consists of a hall and two large rooms with cement floors. One has a writing table and paper, pens and ink, sewing machines, a cupboard with tescups in it, a large table with papers and magazines, easy chairs and my desk. The other room has a piano, more tables, chairs, ironing boards and a Victrola. There are unframed French pictures and American and French war posters around the room. The walls are painted gray and white."

Saturday evenings they sing and dance. "First they have a chorus," writes the secretary, "such as 'Le Reve Passee' or the 'Hymne des Aviateurs' or something equally thrilling, and at the final notes of triumph a voice at my easel begs, 'Un polka, mees.' The polka finished, there is a call for the 'Hymne Americain' and we sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner' (Le Drapeau Etoile) in two languages."

These foyers have been established in several munition centers in France. Each one has a cafeteria, a recreation hall and rooms fitted up as rest rooms, writing and sewing rooms. At night these rooms are filled with French girls learning English, bookkeeping or stenography, that they may work in the offices of the American Expeditionary Forces. In connection with each is a large recreation field or park.

At the request of the French ministry of war the Young Women's Christian Association has opened classrooms for the sixteen thousand French women employed in the offices of its war department.

So successful has been the work in France that a call has come from England to the American Y. W. C. A. to bring its Blue Triangle foyers across the channel. The English Y. W. C. A. has established centers for munition workers on a smaller scale, but after inspection the American work in France has been recommended to the English. Representatives to the American Women's Congress in Paris in August officially requested that the American Y. W. C. A. undertake similar work in England.



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